

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1910.

GOING TO CUBA BY SEA

Things You Will Escape and Others You May Not.

ILL FATE OF HONEYMOONERS

Incidents of a Thirty-six Hours' Storm en Voyage and the Pleasing Signs and Happy Days Following. Havana the Most Delightful Place on Earth, Next to Washington.

Did you ever take a trip to Cuba in winter? No? Then take one. You have James Sharpe Henry's word for it, there's a world of good in it. You will return a new man. It will steady your nerves, brighten your eyes, give you an optimistic vision, and tone up your whole system.

Why? Well, since you are inquisitive, because it will enable you to get out of reach of the telephone, the bill collector, the man who persists in talking about the weather, the friend who has a sure cure for the grip, the heartless wretch who reminds you that you originally planned your faith to Dr. Cook, and the ubiquitous creature who is not yet tired discussing the Pinchot-Ballinger feud.

Eliminate all these unnecessary evils save the telephone, and the trip is still worth taking. You will then have only the wireless telegraph to contend with, and it seldom becomes unduly active unless one of your beloved comrades left behind, with a sense of humor running riot, should suddenly be seized with an impulse to warn the captain of the vessel against a couple of clever card sharps hailing from Washington—a round, buoyant gentleman, wearing glasses, accompanied by a tired, gullest-looking, but designing individual with dark hair turning gray, and each wearing a brownish mustache.

Even then the wireless is reasonably secure, for the captain knows how to appraise such a warning. He can detect a moth-eaten joke flashed to sea by wireless as readily as he would penetrate one told by word of mouth ashore. He has not sailed up and down the Atlantic coast all these years and tarried between trips at New York and Havana without learning a few things. And, besides, he is too much of a real humorist to be taken in by a practical joke.

Yes, take the trip by all means. This advice is sound. Coolly weighed in the balance, it will be found not wanting—advice or trip, either. But for a honeymoon a sea voyage to Cuba or anywhere else is a delusion and a snare. The winds are uncertain. You can never tell what is going to happen off Hatteras or in the Gulf stream. Sea sickness comes on suddenly and is often prolonged.

Imagine the sweet, clinging little bride from Jersey going aboard so radiantly happy on the arm of her proud and devoted young husband, with Trenton congratulations yet ringing in her pink ears, and the cruel ordeal incident to a thirty-six hours' storm, with the ship pitching and rolling about, the elements unmanageable, and the captain's only assurance from the gods, "There is a God in Israel that slumbers not nor sleeps."

Israel is not in the mind of this dear little bride from Jersey. Tumbled about in the cradle of the deep, she is thinking of home and mother.

And imagine, if you can, after the fury of the storm has passed and the vessel is nearing port, that proud young husband at the final meal innocently accounting for their absence three full days in succession, "My wife ate something that disagreed with her." Bless their loving, young hearts! What more natural than their return by rail with a stop off in Florida when Havana's warm sunshine has soothed their feelings, settled their stomachs, and given them a roster view of life.

Think of being awakened from a fitful slumber at midnight by a plaintive, sea-sick voice from the lower No. 12—the voice of the rotund, buoyant gentleman from Washington, aforesaid, who advises this trip—a plaintive, sea-sick voice, pitched in alarming key, crying out as the stateroom windows are being blinded by hardy sailors to prevent a briny deluge: "They're nailing us in!" And then a hurried, half-dressed reconnoiter by the key-bearer of the voyage—the tired, gullest-looking one—his stout-hearted assurance for the equally unfortunate honeymooners of No. 12. You are familiar with the word "soused," no doubt. Its meaning is varied. At sea it is used literally, but that soulless voyager in the smoking-room who applied it to this ill-fated couple was void of feeling and excusable only on the theory that he himself was becoming a proper subject of the term in its Washington application.

And the next morning, think of the tired, gullest-looking one—the ocean yet ripping, raging mad as throughout the wretched night—interrupted in his delectable but difficult safety shave by the crash of breaking glass and sound of splashing waters from No. 12. A deluge! Not since the days of Noah has there been such an one as swept in upon the occupants of No. 12. Alas, they had not been securely nailed in. A sight to behold, indeed, in pajamas and negligee, drenched to the very skin. Pity for the suffering little bride and heart-wrung Jersey groom was lost for the moment in commiseration for the equally unfortunate honeymooners of No. 12. You are familiar with the word "soused," no doubt. Its meaning is varied. At sea it is used literally, but that soulless voyager in the smoking-room who applied it to this ill-fated couple was void of feeling and excusable only on the theory that he himself was becoming a proper subject of the term in its Washington application.

When you take the trip—and your life is incomplete until you have taken it—you do not in the midst of a storm, if your wife and child be with you, undertake to divert them by reading from a novel in the companion way. It is perilous. Stick to stateroom and cling to berth. The man who tried it, of whom James Sharpe Henry wrote, suddenly landed ten feet away on his head. "Are you hurt?" he was asked as he struggled to his feet and heroically grasped the railing. "No; I'm used to it. I ride a horse at home and he throws me about once a week," he answered resignedly. Here was a philosopher—a battered and bruised philosopher—even if he did not have sense enough to abstain from reading a Meredith Nicholson novel in the companion way while the storm was at its height.

But thirty-six hours do not last forever. If they seem an eternity, it is only



JAMES SHARPE HENRY EN VOYAGE.

In passing. How soon forgotten! Like the unfiled hands in the game of draw, these thirty-six bad hours go quickly into the discard when the elements subside and the sun comes out.

A glimpse of land on the third day. Hail, Palm Beach! How majestic those great hotels!

The sight of one's native soil, the warmth of the sun, the blueness of the sky, the calmness of the sea, how speedily these blot out the memory of that storm at sea!

Now you get acquainted with your fellow-voyagers. You see faces you have not seen before. Your grouch disappears. You are so thankful it is all over. You forget Hatteras as you enjoy your dinner, and call up nothing unpleasant later as you are rocked gently to sleep.

The vessel sails into Havana Harbor. Moro Castle looms up in impressive splendor. The protruding remnant of the wreck of the Maine jars the vision. Why not remove it? It recalls sad, if not inglorious days. You turn away from it. There before you is Havana—beautiful, care-free, laughter-loving Havana, strange but singularly inviting. You like it at first inspection. Where, except in picture book, have you seen anything to compare with it? It grows upon you as the vessel gets closer into the harbor. Like it? Why, you love the city already. It is so different. You feel that you are entering another world. And so you are. The musical Spanish tongue greets you as you go ashore.

Hail Havana! Only four days from New York by sea—four days going and three returning. But the charming interim—an interim in that lovely Cuban capital where sunshine and music and gladness delight abound, and where God's own people welcome you—if you be fortunate enough to know them.

It was not a sea-sick voice that spoke thus from the hurricane deck. "We shall do Havana," it said. "In the language of our dear departed Bwana Tumbo, we shall do Havana to a frazzle." It was the voice of the rotund, buoyant gentleman in spectacles, first aforementioned. And, heaven bless him! His prophetic utterance from the hurricane deck came true.

Take James Sharpe Henry's word for it; a trip to Cuba is what you need. Steamers sail Thursdays and Saturdays. They are mighty fine, well-manned steamers, too, built to weather any storm.

But if you are contemplating matrimony, think twice before going to sea. It is no place for a honeymoon. The only way to start married life aright is to start it on land. Remember that dear little Jersey bride. Bear in mind the soured occupants of No. 12.

WARNER'S BILL DISAPPROVED.

Commissioners Think Assessors' Terms Should Not Be Limited. Senator Warner's bill to limit the term of office of the assessor and assistant assessors was yesterday disapproved by the Commissioners.

Commissioner Rudolph said the assessor and assistant assessors whose terms of office would be affected should not be subject to any other grounds of dismissal than those already prescribed, namely, for inefficiency, neglect of duty, or malfeasance in office.

He said these employees are exposed to adverse criticism and attempted influence to an unusual degree, and should have every practical assurance that they can perform their duty without fear or favor.

ABRUZZI KING'S GUEST.

Indication He Is in Good Standing After American Romance. Rome, Feb. 25.—The Duke of the Abruzzi, for the first time since the report that he would marry Miss Katherine Elkins, was the guest of the King at the Quirinal on the occasion of the duke's lecture on his Himalayan expedition, when he appeared in public with the King, Queen, ex-Queen Marguerita, and the Duke of Aosta.

His relations with his family are reported to be very cordial now, but it was noticed during his two days' stay in Rome that he took his meals at hotels when the guests were all Italians, he not wishing to meet foreigners.

FALLIERES WEARS NEW TIE.

Paris Quick to Note President's Change of Neckwear. Paris, Feb. 25.—Parliament is now working five days weekly. It is certain that a general election will be held at the end of April. Little change is expected in the composition of the new Chamber of Deputies, but the socialists, radicals, and independents are expected to gain a few seats from the progressives.

President Fallieres, whose rumored resignation has not come off, has been besieged by reporters all the week. They did not wish to interview him in regard to his resignation or any state affair, but the boulevardiers have been stirred to their profoundest depths by the President's appearance in public with a new necktie. For years M. Fallieres has worn a ready-made knot of blue silk, with white spots, which became historical. This is now replaced by a hand-tied scarf of dark yellow.

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IN THE HOSPITAL.

(Written for The Washington Herald.) Rest thee here, from thy sphere of sorrow. Let thy heart forget, to-day, to-morrow; Is it not enough for thee to feel and see That dear kind eyes watch tenderly?

Rest thee until across thy soul will creep A melody thro' the darkness, soft and deep; Thou art so safe 'e'en as a weary child, Sleep and dream of caresses pure and mild.

Dream thou, strong hands have built for thee a home, And a true heart pling 'till thou dost come; Fold thy little babe, close upon thy breast, Thou art so worn and tired, sleep, 'tis best.

Rest thee in sleep's oblivious spell, Dream of thy heaven, forget thy hell; The sister bends to kiss thy cheek, Thou art so young, so fair, so weak.

Rest thee here in this room undefiled, Thou who hast known love's tempest wild; Thou who hast drunken the wine of tears, So old in sorrow, so young in years.

So young art thou to have kissed the rod, Rest thee in the soothing love of God; Oh, how close thou art to death, Thou who hath given a man-child breath.

So still the night! The sound of feet Hath died away from the darkened street; Sleep thou in thy warm white bed, Thou and thy man-child bosom fed.

So clean and sweet and quiet is the room, The sister chants a prayer amid night's gloom; Thou must try and kindly smiles again, Eise she prays and weeps for thee in vain.

So like a child thou art lying there, The soul of thy love and beauty bare; Like a flower, a bit of Mignonette, Whose leaves with tears of night are wet.

Now thy lips are parted, thy measured breath I hear, is it the sleep of life or death? Once on man's breast thou laid'st thy head, With tender love his soul thou fed.

In thy heart hath been a hope, a dream, a prayer, Love should have followed thee everywhere; So young thou art, like a rose in May, Thy life should have sweetened day by day.

Ah! the sister whispers de profundis: death; No pulsing of thy heart, no sob, no breath; On thy arm thy little babe asleep, Oh, God! how sad is life, and death so deep.

How white thou art, thy face a-smile, All trouble gone, no sin, no guile; Te Deum! Landamus, the sister chants, and then! Rest thee in peace, God is more merciful than men.

ALLIE SHARPE BALCH. 1236 Euclid street, February 15, 1910.

John W. Wade Buried. The funeral of John W. Wade, former president of the Capital Traction Relief Association, was held yesterday from the house, 3194 P street northwest, Rev. Charles L. Pate officiating. Burial was in Oak Hill Cemetery.

BABY CROP GREATEST

Year's Estimate Twice Size of Corn Product.

CASH VALUE IS \$5,000,000,000

Distribution of Births Shows Western States Lead—Although Average Family Steadily Grows Smaller, "Conservation of Babies" Gives Infants a Great Advantage.

King Corn is not really king. In spite of the agricultural statisticians, the corn crop is not Uncle Sam's greatest. Figured on a cash basis of dollars and cents even, it must give place to the country's one greatest and most essential product, that is the baby crop. Based on the latest figures compiled by a Boston economist, the baby crop for 1910 will be worth the enormous sum of \$4,887,000,000. Even figured on the basis of former valuations, now acknowledged to be too low, the figure would amount to nearly \$1,300,000,000.

Nor are these figures fanciful or based on sentimental values. They represent as nearly as possible the economic value to the United States, based on potential productive capacity, of the 2,500,000 babies which it is estimated will constitute this year's crop. According to the latest figures the value of each newborn is \$35 a pound, or \$2.73 for the average six-pound youngster, giving a total value of nearly \$5,000,000, or nearly three times that of the corn crop.

Data More Interesting. Detailed information concerning the baby crop, its distribution, variation in different localities, and the like, while naturally not so complete as similar data covering the corn crop, is far more interesting. As might be expected, New York, because of its greater population, produced the greatest number of babies of any one State last year with 390,855, or nearly one-tenth of the total. It was not, however, the leading State if the increase in babies to each 1,000 of the population be taken into account. Figured in this basis North Dakota heads the list with 38.5 births, closely followed by Utah with 35.2, Oklahoma with 33.7, and Texas with 32.9. At the other end of the list come Maine with 17.8 and New Hampshire with 16.

But in spite of the low ratio for the New England States, the figures show that the proportionate increase over the preceding decade was greater there than in any other group of States. In general terms, however, the figures indicate that the West is the best territory for babies, just as it is the biggest corn producer. No hard and fast rule can be laid down because of the seemingly unexplainable discrepancies which occur, as for instance in the case of West Virginia and Virginia. The excess of the birth rate over the death rate in the former is 28.4 per 1,000 population, while in the latter it is only 7.

Perhaps the most anomalous feature concerning the baby crop is that while it continues to increase, the size of the average family is decreasing. In 1870 the number of persons constituting an average family was 5.1 persons. In 1880 it had decreased to 5; in 1890 to 4.9, and in 1900 to 4.7. How then does the baby crop continue to increase?

Conserving Baby Crop. Undoubtedly Uncle Sam is conserving his baby crop. The birth rates in Italy, Hungary, and Austria, for example, are all higher than in this country, but the excess of births over deaths is far lower—little more than one-half, indeed, of the figures here. In a word, Uncle Sam is saving his babies, and the manner in which he is doing it is one of the most remarkable stories of progress ever written.

An increasing baby crop is an economic necessity, and many of the benefits of animal experimentation are therefore most directly appreciated through their protection of children. But here again an analogy may be drawn between the baby crop and the corn crop. In neither instance is it a question of a single crop. It is the future which counts and makes the necessity of considering coming crops paramount. Improvement in the general health of parents means healthier babies, and it is for this reason that all over the country research is being carried on looking toward the mastering of diseases not alone peculiar to infancy, but affecting all ages.

GIRL THOUGHT DEAD REVIVES. Had Been Left in Snow Bank Because Neighbors Feared Law. Brookville, Ill., Feb. 25.—Popular misconception of the coroner's law nearly permitted the body of Miss Olive Sanders to be frozen in a snowbank to-day. In a warm room, and in the presence of the undertaker, the "dead" girl came to life.

Miss Sanders' sister missed her from the house and found her seemingly dead, lying in a snowbank in the barn yard. Neighbors stood about the body, fearing the weeping sister, obsessed with the notion that none dare touch the dead until the arrival of the coroner.

It took two hours to get the coroner to the Sanders place. He viewed the body, it was carried into the house and an undertaker called to prepare it for burial. At this stage Miss Sanders revived.

Readings for the Blind. Following is the programme for volunteer readings and music in the reading room for the blind at the Library of Congress—2:30 to 3:30 p. m.: Tuesday, March 1, Rev. Georgia R. Ferguson will read Mather's "Little Blue Bird," followed by an open discussion of the play; Thursday, March 3, song recital by Miss E. Lenore Lacy, contralto; Miss Gertrude Trow, soprano; Miss Christine Church, soprano; Saturday, March 5, Mrs. Harold I. Sewall will read a group of stories. The readings and musicals at the Library are primarily for the benefit of the blind. Other persons will be admitted to the seating capacity of the room, which will, however, accommodate only fifty persons in addition to the blind and their escorts. The first fifty persons coming will be seated, and after that doors will be closed to the general public. Children will not be admitted.

Eleven Speedometers Inaccurate. As a result of the tests of speedometers by fifty bicycle policemen in Sixteenth street, near Columbia road, on Friday morning last, eleven of the machines recently received by the police department were found to register inaccurately. The imperfect speedometers will be returned to the manufacturer for regulation.

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- 38c Jap. Matting; variety of blue and green patterns; also printed floral and parquetry effects. Yard.....28c
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- \$1.50 Jap. Matting, silk inserted designs; very rich and attractive. Yard.....\$1.10

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